

with mans sworne Spouse; let nor thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's a cold.*

*Lear.* What hast thou bin?

*Edg.* A Servingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that curl'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; seru'd the Lust of my Mistris heart, and did the acte of darkenesse with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that slept in the contriuing of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I deere, Dice deere; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. False of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey, Let not the creaking of shooes, Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and desye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hawthorne blowes the cold winde; Sayes suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy Sefey: let him tread by.

*Lear.* Thou wert better in a Graue, then to answere with thy vncover'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silke; the Beast, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Woolle; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; vnaccommodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vnbutton heere.

*Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.*

*Foole.* Prythee Nunkle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at Curfew, and walkes at first Cocke: Hee giues the Web and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

*Smithbold* footed thrice the old,  
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;  
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,  
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

*Kent.* How fares your Grace?

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? What is't you seeke?

*Glou.* What are you there? Your Names?

*Edg.* Poore Tom, that eates the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eates Cow-dung for Sallets; swallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinks the green Mantle of the standing Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and flocked, punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, sixe shirts to his body:

Horse to ride, and weapon to weare:  
But Mice, and Rats, and such small Deare,  
Haue bin Toms food, for seuen long yeare:

Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

*Glou.* What, hath your Grace no better company?

*Edg.* The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman. *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahn*.

*Glou.* Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so wilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Poore Tom's a cold.

*Glou.* Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer

To obey in all your daughters hard commands: Though their Iniunction be to barre my doores, And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you, Yet haue I ventured to come seeke you out, And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talke with this Philosopher, What is the cause of Thunder?

*Kent.* Good my Lord take his offer, Go into th'house.

*Lear.* Ile talke a word with this same lerned Theban: What is your study?

*Edg.* How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermin.

*Lear.* Let me aske you one word in priuate.

*Kent.* Importune him once more to go my Lord,

His wits begin t'vnsettle.

*Glou.* Canst thou blame him?

His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,

He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man:

Thou sayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend,

I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,

Now out-law'd from my blood: he sought my life,

But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)

No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,

The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?

I do beseech your grace.

*Lear.* O cry you mercy, Sir:

Noble Philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a cold.

*Glou.* In fellow there, into th' Houel; keep thee warm.

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my Lord.

*Lear.* With him;

I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

*Kent.* Good my Lord, sooth him:

Let him take the Fellow.

*Glou.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirra, come on: go along with vs.

*Lear.* Come, good Athenian,

*Glou.* No words, no words, hush.

*Edg.* Childe Rowland to the darke Tower came,

His word was still, fie, foh, and fumme,

I smell the blood of a Brittain man.

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.*

*Corn.* I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his house.

*Bast.* How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature thus giues way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to thinke of.

*Corn.* I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death: but a prouoking merit set a worke by a reprobable badnesse in himselfe.

*Bast.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be iust? This is the Letter which hee spake of; which approoves him an intelligent partie to the aduancages of France. O Heauens! that this Treason were not; or not I the detector.

*Corn.* Go with me to the Dutchesse.

*Bast.* If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue mighty businesse in hand.

*Corn.*

*Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earle of Gloucester: seeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee ready for our apprehension.

*Bast.* If I finde him comforting the King, it will stufte his suspition more fully. I will perseuer in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be fore betweene that, and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay trust vpon thee: and thou shalt finde a deere Father in my loue.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Sexta.

*Enter Kent, and Gloucester.*

*Glou.* Heere is better then the open ayce, take it thankfully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

*Kent.* All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindnesse.

*Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.*

*Edg.* Fraterretro calls me, and tells me Nero is an Angler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

*Foole.* Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

*Lear.* A King, a King.

*Foole.* No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To haue a thousand with red burning spits: Come hizzing in vpon 'em.

*Edg.* Blesse thy fiue wits.

*Kent.* O pittie: Sir, where is the patience now That you so oft haue boasted to retaine?

*Edg.* My teares begin to take his part so much, They marre my counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little dogges, and all; Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they barke at me.

*Edg.* Tom, will throw his head at them: Auaunt you Curses, be thy mouth or blacke or white:

Tooth that poysons if it bite:

Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,

Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:

Or Bobtaile right, or Troudele taile,

Tom will make him weepe and waile,

For with throwing this my head;

Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

*Do, de, de, de: sefe: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres, And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry.*

*Lear.* Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that make these hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian; but let them bee chang'd.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Kent.* Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Curtaines: so, so, wee'l go to Supper i'th' morning.

*Foole.* And Ile go to bed at noone.

*Glou.* Come hither Friend:

Where is the King my Master?

*Kent.* Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

*Glou.* Good friend; I prythee take him in thy armes; I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him:

There is a Litter ready, lay him in't, And drue toward Douer friend, where thou shalt meete

Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Master, If thou should'st dally halfe an houre, his life

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured losse. Take vp, take vp,

And follow me, that will to some prouision

Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away.

### Scena Septima.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard, and Seruants.*

*Corn.* Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seeke out the Traitor Gloucester.

*Reg.* Hang him instantly.

*Con.* Plucke out his eyes.

*Corn.* Leane him to my displeasure. *Edmond*, keepe you our Sister company: the reuenges wee are bound to take vpon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Aduice the Duke where you are going, to a most festiuate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Postes shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Farewell deere Sister, farewell my Lord of Gloucester.

*Enter Steward.*

How now? Where's the King?

*Stew.* My Lord of Gloucester hath conuey'd him hence Some fift or six and thirty of his Knights Hot Questrits after him, met him at gate, Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Douer; where they boast To haue well armed Friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your Mistris.

*Con.* Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister.

*Corn.* *Edmond* farewell: go seek the Traitor Gloucester, Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs:

Though well we may not passe vpon his life

Without the forme of Iustice: yet our power

Shall do a cur'tsie to our wrath, which men

May blame, but not controll.

*Enter Gloucester, and Seruants.*

Who's there? the Traitor?

*Reg.* Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

*Corn.* Binde fast his corky armes.

*Glou.* What meanes your Graces?

Good my Friends consider you are my Chests:

Do me no foule play, Friends,

*Corn.* Binde him I say.

*Reg.* Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.

*Glou.* Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

*Corn.* To this Chaire binde him,

Villaine, thou shalt finde.

*Glou.* By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To plucke me by the Beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a Traitor?

*Glou.* Naughtie Ladie,

These haire which thou dost rauish from my chin

Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host

With Robbers hands, my hospitable fauours

You